

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Anmerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
An. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
 After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for ioy
 To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
 Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
 Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves:
 As a long parted Mother with her Child,
 Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;
 So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,
 And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.
 Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
 Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauinous fence:
 But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,
 And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,
 Doing annoyance to the trecherous scete,
 Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.
 Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
 And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,
 Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
 Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
 Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.
 Mock not my fencelesse Comurration, Lords;
 This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones
 Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Native King
 Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.

Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
 Hath power to keepe you King, in spite of all.

Anm. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
 Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,
 Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
 That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid
 Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
 Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vncene,
 In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:
 But when from vnder this Terrestrial Ball
 He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,
 And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,
 Then Murthers, Treasons, and detected finnes
 (The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
 So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
 Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
 Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,
 His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of Day;
 But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
 Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
 Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The Deputie elected by the Lord:
 For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
 To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
 Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heau'nly pay

A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
 Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.
 Enter *Salisbury*.

Salib. Nor neere, nor farther off, lyes your Power?
 Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:
 One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
 Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:
 Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,
 And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:
 To day, to day, ynhappy day too late
 Orthrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;
 For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*; dispers'd, and fled.

Anm. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?
Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
 And till so much blood thither come againe,
 Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?
 All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
 For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Anm. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.
Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?
 Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:
 Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?
 Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes
 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
 Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high?
 High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle *Torke*
 Hath Power enough to serue our turne.
 But who comes here? Enter *Scroope*.

Scroope. More health and happinesse beide my Liege,
 Then can my care-run'd tongue deliuer him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
 The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:
 Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
 And what losse is it to be rid of Care?
 Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee?
 Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,
 Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.
 Resoluit our Subiects? That we cannot mend,
 They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:
 Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
 The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
 To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
 Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
 Which make the Silber Riuer drowne their Shores,
 As if the World were all dissol'd to teares:
 So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage
 Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull Land
 With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
 White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairlesse Scalps
 Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
 Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female joints
 In stiffe vnwielde Armes: against thy Crowne
 Thy very Bead-men learne to bend their Bowes
 Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State
 Yea Disaffe. Women manage rustie Bills:
 Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
 And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.
Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
 Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bagot*?
 What is become of *Bushie*? where is *Greene*?
 That

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
 Measure our Confinnes with such peacefull steps?
 If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.
Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
 Dogges, easily woo'd to fawne on any man,
 Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
 Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,
 Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
 Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,
 Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:
 Againe vncurse their Soules; their peace is made
 With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse
 Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
 And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Anm. Is *Bushie*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire
 dead?

Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.
Anm. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:
 Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
 Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
 Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.
 Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
 And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
 Saue our depofed bodies to the ground?
 Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
 And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
 And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
 Which serues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:
 For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:

How some haue been depof'd, some slaine in warre,
 Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depof'd,
 Some poyson'd by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,
 All murder'd. For within the hollow Crowne
 That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
 Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
 Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
 Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
 To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
 Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
 As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
 Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
 Bores through his Castle Walls, and farwell King.
 Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,
 Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
 For you haue but mistooke me all this while:
 I liue with Bread like you, feeble Want,
 Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wife men ne're waile their present woes,
 But presently prevent the wayes to waile:
 To feare the Foe, since feare oppresth strength,
 Gives in your weaknesse, strength vnto your Foe;
 Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
 And fight and die, is death destroying death,
 Where fearing, dying, payes death seruile breath.

Anm. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
 And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come

To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
 This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
 An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
 Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
 Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be fowre.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
 The state and inclination of the day:
 So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
 My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:
 I play the Torturer, by small and small
 To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
 Your Vnckle *Torke* is ioy'n'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
 And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
 And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
 Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou hast said enough.
 Bestrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth
 Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire:
 What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
 By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
 A King, Woes slaue, shall Kingly Woe obey:
 That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe
 To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
 For I haue none. Let no man speake againe
 To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

Anm. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
 From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.
 Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, *Bullingbrooke*,
Torke, *Northumberland*, Attendants.

Ball. So that by this intelligence we learne
 The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
 Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
 With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast.
North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.
Torke. It would befeeme the Lord Northumberland,
 To say King *Richard*: alack the heauie day,
 When such a sacred King should hide his head.
North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be brieue,
 Left I his Title out.

Torke. The time hath beene,
 Would you haue beene so brieue with him, he would
 Haue beene so brieue with you, to shorten you,
 For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.
Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should.
Torke. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.
 Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.
Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my selfe
 Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter *Percie*.
 Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yeeld?
Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
 Against thy entrance.

Bull. Roy-